SPRINGS OF JOY.

THE GATES OF HEAVEN AJAR.

Talmars Tells of the Pleasures of a Real Christian Life.

TEXT: "Thou hast given me a south land; give me also springs of water. And he gave her the upper springs, and the nether springs,"—Joshus Xv., 19.

The City of Debir was the Boston of antiquity—a great place for brain and books. Caleb wanted it, and he offered his daughter uity—a great place for brain and books. Caleb wanted it, and he offered his daughter
Achsah as a prize to any one who would capture that city. It was a strange thing for
Caleb to do; and yet the man who could take
the city would have, at any rate, two elements of manhood—bravery and patriotism.
With Caleb's daughter as a prize to fight for,
Gen. Othniel rode into the battle. The gates
of Debir were thundered into dust, and the
city of books lay at the feet of the conquerors. The work done, Othniel comes
back to claim his bride. Having conquested the city, it is no great job for him to
conquer the girl's heart; for however faint
hearted a woman herself may be, she always
loves courage in a man. I never saw an exception to that. The wedding festivity having gone by, Othniel and Achsah are about
to go to their new home. However loudly
the cymbals may clash and the laughter ring,
parents are always and when a fondly cherthe cymbals may clash and the laughter ring, parents are always and when a fendly cher-ished daughter goes off to stay; and Achsah, the daughter of Caleb, knows that now is the the daughter of Caleb, knows that now is the time to ask almost anything she wants of her father. It seems that Caleb, the good old man, had given as a wedding present to his daughter a piece of land that was mountainous, and sloping southward toward the deserts of Arabia, swept with some very hot winds. It was called "a south land." But Achsah wants an addition of property; she wants a piece of land that is well watered and fertile. Now it is no wender that Caleb standing amilist the bridal party, his eyes so full of tears because she was going away that

standing amidst the bridal party, his eyes so full of tears because she was going away that he could hardly see her at all, gives her more than she asks. She said to him: "Thou hast given me a south land; give me also springs of water. And he gave her the upper springs, and the nether springs."

What a suggestive passage: The fact is, that as Caleb, the father, gave Achsah, the daughter, a south land, so God gives to us His world. I am very thankful He has given it to us. But I am like Achsah in the fact that I want a larger portion. Trees and flowers, and grass, and blue skies are very well in their places; but he who has uothing but this world for a portion has no portion at all. It is a mountainous land, sloping off toward the desert of sorrow, swept by flery siroccos; it is "a south land," a sloping off toward the desert of sorrow, swept by fiery siroccos; it is "a south land," a poor portion for any man that tries to put his trust in it. What has been your experience? What has been the experience of every man, of every woman that has tried this world for a portion? Queen Elizabeth, amid the surroundings of pomp, is unhappy because the painter sketches too minutely the writtles on her feed and she indigenantly. because the painter sketches too minutely the wrinkles on her face, and she indignantly cries out: "You must strike off my likeness without any shadows!" Hogarth, at the very height of his artistic triumph, is stang almost to death with chagrin because the painting he had dediated to the King does not seem to be acceptable; for Goorge II. cries out: "Who is this Hogarth? Take his trumpery out of my presence." Brinsley Sheridan thrilled the earth with his eloquence, but had for his last words; "I am absolutely undone." Walter Scott, fumbling around the inkstand trying to write, says to his daughter: "Oh. take me back to my room; there is no rost for take me back to my room; there is no rost for Sir Walter but in the grave." Stephen Girard, the wealthiest main in his day, or, at any rate, only second in wealth, says: "I live the life of a galloy slave; when I arise in live the life of a galloy slave; when I arise in the morning my one effort is to work so hard that I can sleep when it gets to be night." Charles Lamb, applauded of all the world, in the very midst of his literary triumph says: "Do you remember, Bridget, when we used to laugh from the shilling gallery at the play! There are now no good plays to laugh at from the boxes." But why go so far as that? I used to go no further than your street to find an illustration of what I am

saying.

Pick me out ten successful worldlings Pick me out ten successful worldlings— without any religion, and you know what I mean by successful worldlings—pick me out ton successful worldlings, and you cannot find more than one that looks happy. Care drags him across the bridge; care drags him back. Take your stand at 2 o'clock at the corner of Nassau and Wall streets, or at the corner of Canal street, and Breedway and see the agonized physiogomies. Your bankers, your insurance men, your impartiers, your wholesalers, and your retailers, as a class—as a class, are they happy? No. Care dogs their steps; and, making no appeal to God for help or comfort, they are tossed everywither. How has it been with you, my to God for help or counter, we with you, my hearer? Are you more contented in the house of fourteen rooms than you were in the two rooms you had in a house when you started? Have you not had more care and worrinsent since you won that fifty thousand dollars than you did before? Some of the poorest mon I have ever known have been those of great fortune. A man of small means may be put in great business straits, but the ghastlest of all embarrassments is that of the man who has large estates. The men who commit suicide because of monotary losses are those who cannot bear the burden any more, because they have only a hundred

thousand dollars left.

On Bowling Green, New York, there is a house where Talleyrand used to go. He was a favorite man. All the world knew him, and he had wealth almost unlimited: yet, at the close of his life, he says: "Behold, eighty-three years have passed without any practi-cal result, save fatigue of body and fatigue of mmu, great discouragement for the futur. of mm, great discouragement for the future and great disgust for the past." Oh, my friends, this is "a south land," and it slopes off toward desserts of sorrows; and the prayer which Achsah made to her father Calab, we make this day to ou l'ather God; "Thou has given me a south land; give me also springs of water. And he gave them the upper springs, and the nether springs." nether springs."

Blessed be God! We have more advan

tages given us than we can really appreciate. We have spiritual blessings offered us in this world which I shall call the nother springs, and glories in the world to come which I shall call the upper springs.

Where shall I finds words enough threaded

with light to set forth the pleasure of re-ligion. David, unable to describe it in words ligion? David, unable to describe it in words, played it on a harp. Mrs. Hemans, not finding enough power in prose, sings that praise in a canto. Christopher Wren, unable to describe it in language, sprung it into the arches of St. Paul's. John Bunyan, unable to present it in ordinary phraseology, takes all the fascination of allegory. Handel, with ordinary music unable to reach the height of the theme, rouses it up in au oratorio. Oh, ordinary music unable to reach the height of the theme, rouses it up in an oratorio. Oh, there is no life on earth so happy as a really Christian life. I do not mean a shain Christian life. Where there is a thorn, there is a whole garland of roses. Where there is one groan, there are three doxologies. Where there is one day of cloud, there is a whole season of sunshine. Take the humblest Christian man that you know—angels of God canopy him with their white wings; the lightnings of heaven are his armed allies; the Lord is his Shepherd, picking out for him green pastures by still waters; if he walk forth, heaven tures by still waters, if he walk forth, heaven is his body guard; if he lie down to sleep, ladders of light, angel blossoming, are let into his dreams; if he be thirsty, the poteninto his dreams; if he be thirsty, the potentates of heaven are his cup bearers; if he sit down to food, his plain table blooms into the King's banquet. Men say: "Look at that old fallow with the worn-out coat:" the angels of God cry: "Lift up your heads, ye overlasting gates, and let him come in!" Pastidious people cry: "Get off my front stops;" the doorkeepers of heaven cry: "Come, you blessed of my Father, inherit the kingdom!" When he comes to die, though, he may be carried out in a pine box to the potter's field; to that potter's field the charlots of Christ will come down, and the chariots of Christ will come down, and the cavalcade will crowd all the boulevards of

I bless Christ for the press 5. religion. It makes a man all right with reference to the past; it makes a man all right with reference to the future. Oh these right with reference to the future. On these nother springs of comfort! They are perential. The foundation of God standeth sure having this seal: "The Lord knoweth them that are His." "The mountains shall depart and the hills be removed, but My kindness shall not depart from the thee, neither shall the covenant of My peace be removed, saith the Lord, who hath mercy upon them." Oh, cluster of diamonds set in burnished gold! Oh, nether springs of comfort bursting through all the valleys of trial and tribulation! When you see, you of the world, what satisfaction there is on earth in religion, do you not thirst after it as the daughter of Caleb thirsted after the water springs? It is no stagnant pond, scummed over with malaria, but springs of water leaping from the Rock of Agest Take up one cup of that spring water, and across the top of the chalice will float the delicate shandows of the heavenly wall, the yellow of the terms of convent, the blue of server.

the top of the chalice will float the delicate shadows of the heavenly wall, the yellow of jasper, the green of emerald, the blue of jasper, the green of emerald, the blue of sardonyz, the fire of jacinth.

I wish I could make you understand the joy religion is to some of us. It makes a man happy while he lives, and glad when he dies. With two feet upon a chair and bursting with dropsies, I heard an oldman in the poorhouse cry out: "Bless the Lord, oh my soull" I looked around and caid: "What has this man got to thank God for?" It makes the lame man leaplike the hart, and the dumb sing. They say that the old Puritan religion is a juiceless and joyless religion; but I remember reading of Dr. Goodwin, the celebrated Puritan, who in his last moments said: "Is this dying? Why, my bow abides in strength! I am swallowed up in God." "Her ways are ways of pleasantup in God." "Her ways are ways of pleasantness, and all her paths are peace." Oh, you who have been trying to satisfy yourselves with the "south land" of this world, do you not feel that you would, this morning, like to have access to the nether springs of spiritual comfort? Would you not like to have Jesus Christ bend over your cradle and bless your table and hoal your wounds, and strew flowers of consolation all up and down the graves of your dead?

'The religion that can give Sweetest pleasures while we live; 'Its religion can supply Sweetest comfort when we die.

But I have something better to tell you, suggested by this text. It seems that old father Caleb on the wedding day of his daughter wanted to make her just as happy as possible. Though Othniel was taking her away,

and his heart was almost broken because she nd his heare was almost broken because she was going, yet he gives her a "south land;" tot only that, but the nether springs; not only that, but the upper springs. O God, my Father, I thank Theo that Theo hast given my trough land" in this world, and the nether springs of spiritual comfort in this world, rut, more than all, I thank Thee for the springs in heaven.

out, more than all, I thank Thee for the opper springs in heaven.

It is very fortunate we cannot see heaver antil we get into it. Oh, Christian man, it wou could see what a place it is, we would sever get you back again to the office or story or shop, and the duties you ought to perform would go neglected. I am glad I shall not see that world until I enter it. Suppose we ware allowed to go on an excursion into that good and with the idea of returning. When we got there, and heard the song, and looked as dheir raptured faces, and mingled in the supernal society, we would cry out: "Let us stay! We are coming here anyhow. Why take the trouble of going back again to that old world? We are here now; let us stay.' And it would take angelic violence to put as out of that world, if once we got there. But as people who cannot afas out of that world, if once we got there. But as people who cannot afford to pay for an entertainment some times come around it and look through the door ajar, or through the openings in the fence, so we come and look through the crevices in that good land which God has provided for us. We can just eatch a glimpse of it. We come near enough to hear the rumbling of the eternal orchestra, though not near enough to know who blows not near enough to know who blows the cornet or who fingers the harp. My soul spreads out both wings and claps them in trumph at the thought of those upper springs. One of them breaks from

upper springs. One of them breaks from beneath the throne; another breaks forth from beneath the altar of the temple; another at the door of "the house of many mansions." Upper springs of gladness! Upper springs of light! Upper springs of love! It is no fancy of mine. "The Lamb which is in the midst of the throne shall lead them to in the midst of the throne shall lead them to living fountains of water." Oh, Savior de-vine, roll in upon our souls one of those an-ticipated raptures! Pour around the roots of the parched tongue one drop of that liquid life! Toss before our vision those fountains of God, rainbowed with eternal victory, Hear it. They are never sick there; not so much as a headache, or twinge rhoumatic or thrust neuralgic. The inhabitant never says: "I am sick." They are never tired there. Flight to farthest world is only the play of a holiday. They never sin there. It is as easy for them to be holy as it is for us to sin. They never die there. You might go through all the outskirts of the great city and find not one place where the ground was broken for a grave. The aversight of the redeemed is a grave. The evesight of the redeemed is never blurred with tears. There is health in every cheek. There is spring in every foot. never blurred with tears. There is health in overy cheek. There is spring in every foot. There is majesty on every brow. There is majesty on every brow. There is hosanna on every lip. How they must pity as as they look over and down and see us, and say: "Poor things away down in that world." And when some Christian is hurled into a fatal accident, they cry: "Good! he is coming!" And when we stand around the couch of some loved one (whose strength is going away) and we shake our heads forebedingly, they cry: "I am glad he is worse; he has been down there long enough. There, he is dead! Come home! Come home!" Oh, if we could only get our ideas about that future world untwisted our thought of transfer from here to there would be as pleasant to

on the control of the control of transfer from here to there would be as pleasant to us as it was to a little child that was dying. She said: "Papa, when will I go home?" And he said: "To-day, Florence." "To-day? So soon? I am so gind!"

I wish I could stimulate you with these thoughts, oh Christian man, to the highest possible exhiliaration. The day of your deliverance is coming, is coming. It is rolling on with the shining wheels of the day, and the jet whoels of the night. Every thump of the heart is only a hammer stroke striking off another chain of clay. Better scour the deck and coil the rope, the harbor is only six miles away. Jesus will come down in the "Narrows" to meet you. Now is your salvation nearer than when you believed.

Unforgiven man, unpardoned man, will

ucarer than when you believed.

Unforgiven man, unpardoned man, will you not to-day make a choice between these two portions, between the "south land" of this world, which slopes to the desert, and this glorious land which thy Father offers thee, running with eternal water courses? Why let your tongue be consumed with thirst when there are the nether springs and the upper springs, comfort here and glory here-after?

Let me tell you, my dear brother, that the silliest and wickedest thing a man ever does is to reject Josus Christ. The loss of the soul is a mistake that cannot be corrected. It is a downfall that knows no alleviation; it is a ruin that is remediless; it is a sickness that has no medicament; it is a grave into which has no medicament; it is a grave into which a man goes but never comes out. Therefore, putting my hand on your shoulder as one brother puts his hand on the shoulder of a brother, I say this day, be manly, and surrender your heart to Christ. You have been long enough serving the world; now begin to serve the Lord who bought you. You have tried long enough to carry these burdens; let Jesus Christ put His shoulder under your burden. Do I hear any one in the nudicate say: "I mean to attend to that after awhile; it is not just the time?" It is the time, for say: "I mean to attend to that the time, for it is not just the time?" It is the time, for it is not just the time? It is the time, for it is not just the time?" It is the time, for the simple reason that you are sure of no other; and God sends you here this morning, and He uent me here to comfort you with this message; and you must hear now that Christ died to save your soul, and that if you want to be saved you may be saved. "Whosoever will, let him come." You will never flud any more convenient season than this. Some of you have been waiting ten, twenty, thirty, forty, fifty and sixty years. On some of you the snow has fallen. I see it on your brow, and yet you have not attended to those duties which belong to the very spring-time of life. It is September with you

now, it is October with you, it is Becember with you. I am no alarmist. I simply know this: If a man does not repent in this world he never repents at all, and that now is the accepted time, and now is the day of salvation. Oh, put off this matter no longer. Do not turn your back on Jesus Christ who comes to save you, lest you should lose your soul.

soul.

On Monday morning a friend of mine started from New York to celebrate her birthday with her daughter in Virginia. On Saturday of the same week, just after suprise, I stood at the gate of Greenwood walting for her silent form to come in. It is a long journey to take in one week—from New York to Philadeiphia, from Philadeiphia to Baltimore, from Baltimore to Washington, from Washington to Virginia, from Virginia into the great eternity. "What thy hand findeth to do, do it."

THE LABOR WORLD.

THE iron trade is in a bad way. STEEL rails are down to \$26 per ton. KANSAS CITY has a labor exchange. THE output of crude iron is 150,000 tons pe

A CENTURY ago only charcoal iron wa THE demand for glass blowers far exceed

the supply. THE United States has 200,000 journey-

THE new Edison Electrical Company has a apital of \$2,000,000. THERE is great activity in the mining re-

In the ranks of the Knights of Labor there are 100 ministers enrolled. ALL the unions of Minneapolis have room in their big Labor Temple.

Bases makers and bricklayers and the building trades generally have all they can do. THE master builders of the United States do \$750,000,000 worth of building every year. THE paper-mill industry is prospering, and nuch capital is rushing into paper making In Belfast, in the north of Ireland, good clothing cutters earn from \$9 to \$15

week. Some of the big glass factories in England have raised the wages of their employed lately.

THE Disstons, at Philadelphia, employ 2100 hands and turn out four hundred dozen www a day.

THE tailors are the best organized people in England and are able to earn good wages in the large cities. At Skowhegan, Me., a factory for turn-ing out coats alone is being built. It will

employ 140 men. In the 3267 factories in Berlin there are 4970 apprentices, or sixty-six apprentices to every 1000 workmen.

THE Hematite Iron Works, at Barrow-in-Furness, England, employ about 3000 men They are paid from \$4 to \$7 a week.

THE industrial organizations of Chicago re cently got up an elaborate union directory and they made lots of money out of it. It is calculated that the labor organiza-tions of the United States collect about

\$5,000,000 annually for various purposes THE organized shirt-makers of Philadel phia receive \$7 a week. The girls who do not belong to the union are getting only \$4. SEVERAL of the labor organizations of New York city will take part in the celebration of the centennial celebration of the fall of the French Bastile on the 14th of July.

THE iron workers in China are said to be the most skillful in the world. They earn about six cents per day on an average, and extraordinarily good workmen sometimes reach eight cents, TIMOTHY PUTNAM QUINN, famous among

New York labor circles for organizing two local assemblies of Chinamen and for his at-tempt to organize the policemen, has become editor of an Irish revolutionary paper. TEN men employed in a tanning factory as

Bergen, N. J., struck because their em-ployers hired a dude bookkeeper who went into the tanning yard every noon, and, seat-ing himself on a box, poked fun at the work-AGRICULTURAL laborers in the South

Ireland seldom eat fresh meat, and regard it as a curjosity when they see it on any table. There are many of them who have not tasted beef or mutton more than once or twice in their lives. MANUAL training schools and schools of

applied science are steadily growing in popularity. In Maine these branches of education are booming wonderfully, and the schools recently established at Philadelphia and Doston are meeting with great success. DISTRESS has been felt in the coal district

of Germany in consequence of the strike of the mingrs. A committee appealed for fund-and a number of Westphalia newspapers and a number of westplanta newspapers opened subscription lists. The number of strikers and their dependents is estimated at 160,000. Emperor William told a delegation of Westphalia striking miners that he would himself order the soldiers to "shoot and bat-

MUSICAL AND DRAMATIC.

MAGGIE MITCHELL has closed her tour. "PICKWICK" has been dramatized in Dan-

LOTTA, it is reported, will not play next BUFFALO BILL and his show landed on

STRAUSS, the great Vienna waltz writer and conductor, is to visit America next year Ar Coblentz, Germany, "The Nights of St John," a new opera, has been very success

"KING JOHN" may be the subject of Mr. Mansfield's next Shakespearean revival in

MAX O'RELL, the French satirist, is to ecture on "Jonathan and His Continent" next season. An opera company is now being engaged in to support Patti in her American tour

Rosson and Crane, the comedians, who have been in partnership for twelve years, have separated.

THE Booth-Barrett combination and Fanny Davenport have played to the heaviest busi-ness this senson.

MISS BEATRICE CAMERON is the only American left in Richard Mansfield's com-pany, in London. A NUMBER of French residents propose to build a theatre in New York city to be de-

toted exclusively to French plays. HENRY IRVING has signed a contrast to tour this country under Abbey, Schoeffel & Grau's management during the season of

THE French Government expends immense annual sums of money upon the opera to promote the cultivation of French artists and SINCE the establishment of the Palmer

Boucicault school of acting in New York city thirty-two of its pupils have passed on to the professional stage.

A STATISTICIAN remarks that "the population of Europe is greatly added to by the invasion of American girls who are determined to be prime donne."

THE German Emperor has signified his intention to be present at two of the forth-coming Bayreuth performances of Wagner's operas, to begin on July 21 next.

CHAPMAN and Sellers paid Louis Aldrich \$8000 as royalties in "My Partner," for the season just ended. Aldrich purchased the play from Bartley Campbell for \$180.

A CHINESE theatrical troups has been organized at Portland, Oregon, to make a tour of the United States. Their plays are only a little longer than Wagner's operas,

The Southern Shingle Association is making 9,000,000,000 feet per year.

SUNDAY SCHOOL.

SUBJECT FOR SUNDAY, MAY 26

"Betrayal of Jesus."-Mark 14: 43-54 -Golden Text, Luke 22: 48-Notes

48. "And immediately, while He yes, spake." They were in Gethsemane, whither Jesus had gone after the supper. Entering the garden He left eight of the disciples and took Peter, James and John a little farther with Him; then withdrawing Himself a little farther even from them, He kneeled down, fell on His face and prayed; He prayed earneatly. He sawest, as it were great drops of farther even from them, He kneeled down, fell on His face and prayed; He prayed earnestly, He sweat, as it were, great drops of blood falling down to the ground. (Luke xxii., 44). He offered up prayers and supplications with strong crying and tears. (Heb. v., 7.) Three times He prayed, saying the same words, returning to the disciples after each prayer, and each time finding them asleep. When He returned from praying the third time He added the words of versa 42: "Rise up, let us go; lo, he that betrayeth Me is at hand," and these are the words referred to in the opening sentence of our lesson. After Judas, being pointed out as the betrayer, left them, and Jesus had instituted the supper, He then spoke the wonderful words of John xiv., xv., xvi., and prayed as recorded in John xiv., after which they sung a hymn and then went out to Gethsemane.

44. "And he that betrayed Him had given them a token. * * * * " Judas, having received a band of men and officers from the chief priests and Pharisees, cometh thither with lanterns and torches and weapons (John xviii., 3), and he had instructed them that the one whom they world see him kiss was He whom they were to take and lead away safely.

45. "And as soon as he was come, he

was He whom they were to take and lead away safely.

45. "And as soon as he was come, he goeth straightway to Him, and saith, Master, Master, and kissed Him." How could Jesus, knowing it all suffer Judas to come thus near to Him and kiss Him, only saying so meekly: "Judas, betrayest though the Son of Man with a kiss!" (Luke xxii., 48.) Oh, what long suffering! What entire yielding of Himself a sacrifice for sin! What complete renunciation of self! Can we by the grace of God yield ourselves so fully to Him that we will meekly accept even the hardest things as

will meekly accept even the hardest things as from Him and thus "Glorify the Lord in the

will meekly accept even the hardest things as from Him and thus "Glorify the Lord in the fires." (Isa. xxiv., 15.)

46. "And they laid their hands on Him and took Him." What unholy hands to lay upon the Holy One; criminals worthy to die eternal death, laying hold upon their Judge who was ready to pardon them, sinners needing salvation, laying hold upon the only one who could save them, that they might put Him out of the way; man, the creature, laying hold upon God, the Creator, because they hated Him; was there ever such a sight? They took Him, not because they were able, but only because He suffered them.

47. "And one of them that stood by drew a sword, and smote a servant of the high priest, and cut off his ear." John xviii., 10, says that Simon Peter did it, and that the servant's name was Malchus; Luke xxii., 51, says that Jesus touched his ear and healed him; and Matt. xxii., 52-54, says that Jesus told the disciples that they that take the sword perish with the sword, and that if it was necessary He could ask and receive from His Father more than a legion of angels for each of them, but if thus protected and delivered how would the Scriptures he fulfilled? his Father more than a legion of angels for each of them, but if thus protected and delivered how would the Scriptures be fulfilled! How much blundering work we do, that the Saviour has to undo, because we rush hastily in the energy of the flesh instead of seeking and yielding to the Spirit of Christ.

48, "And Jesus answered and said unto

them, Are ye come out as against a thief, with swords and with staves to take Mey' Both Matthew and Luke record the same question. Let some father or mother say how they would feel if the law should send its officers to arrest their son as a thief, he being innocent. If ever we are shamefully

tes officers to arrest their son as a their, he being innocent. If ever we are shamefully treated or spoken against, let us think of Jesus and be patient for His sake.

49. "I was daily with you in the temple teaching, and ye took Me not; but the scriptures must be fulfilled." Luke xxii., 53, adds: "This is your hour and the power of darkness." Such scriptures were being and about to be fulfilled as Psalms xxii., and lxix, Isaiah Hit., etc., but His comfort as He looked up to His Father was: "Thou hast known My reproach, and My shame, and My dishonor. Mine adversaries are all before Thee." (Ps. lxix., 19). If people would say and do openly the mean and devilish things which they say and do behind one's back and in the dark, it would seem as if we could better refute and resist them; but then we would not have the fellowship with Jesus in would not have the fellowship with Jesus in His sufferings which we have by being treated as He was. 50. "And they all forsook Him and fled."

50. "And they all forsook Him and fied."
Thus His words came true, and the sheep of
the flock were scattered (Matt. xxvi., 31;
Zec. xiii., 7; He looked for some to take
pity, but there was none, and for comforters
but found none. (Ps. 1xix., 20). Sometimes
Christians say that it seems as if they had no
friends or few friends, or as if their friends were all failing them, but never was human heart on this earth so lonely for human friendship and fellowship as the heart of Jesus Christ; His own brethren did not believe in Him (John vii., 5); His disciples for sook Him and fled.

51, 53, "And there followed Him a certain soons area, beying a linear cloth cest about

51, 52. "And there followed Him a certain young man, having a linen cloth cast about his naked body; * * * " Because Mark is the only one who records this incident, some think that Mark himself was the young man; that he had been awakened by the passing mob, and hastily throwing a sheet around him, had followed them, and now ventured to interpose on behalf of Jesus, or at least go with Him, but the mob laying hold of him, he left the linen cloth and fied from them naked. Peter had said that though he should die with Him, he would not in any wise deny die with Him, he would not in any wise deny Him (v. 81), but we know how that turned out, and now Peter with the rest had for

Him (v. 31), but we know how that turned out, and now Peter with the rest had forsaken Him. This young man seems to be more courageous then all the disciples by following Jesus in this dark time of His desertion; but it is the way we hold out, and not the way we start, that tells; and so this would-be follower flees like the rest, and naked at that, for we are naked indeed when we turn our backs on Jesus (Rev. iii., 17).

53. "And they led Jesus away to the high priest." John xviii., 13, says that they bound Him, and led Him away; Isa. lifi., 7, R. V., says: "As a lamb that is led to the slaughter." Think of their binding the hands that were aver stretched forth to bless, the hands that knought health to the leper, sight to the blind, speech to the dumb, and that took the little children up in His arms and blessed them. What had these hands ever done that they should be thus bound, and why does He not exert just a little of the power He gave to Samson and burst those wretched cords and slay His enemies? Do you ask why? Then hear the answer and cause every Sunday-school scholar to hear it: "For your sake He let them bind Him and lead Him as a lamb to the slaughter, for your sake He let them crucify Him, that you by His sufferings might be delivered from the wrath to come and made a child of God, a joint heir with Jesus Christ." Do you believeit? Do you receive Him? It so, how much gratitude do you show Him; how much gratitude do you show Him; how much patience have you with those who do you wrong by word or deed."

have you with those who do you wrong by word or deed? 54. "And Peter followed Him afar off," that is no way to follow Jesus, and yet is it not just the way that many professing Chris-tians follow Him?

tians follow Him?

"And he sat with the servants." Whosever is not a servant of Christ is a servant of the devil, and these were no servants of Christ, and therefore no place for a servant of Christ to be found sitting.

"And warmed himself at the fire." Better for him to have frozen to death outside than to warm himself at the fire and than the server himself at the fire and than the server.

for him to have frozen to death outside than to warm himself at that fire and then do as he did. Where, O reader, do you like to warm yourself? Are you ever found enjoying the company of those who know not Christ? If you enjoy above all things the camp fire of His followers, do you by a word of testimony or a word of prayer throw on the least little stick to help make the fire burn? God grant us all to follow fully and not after off.—Lesson Helper.

BILL MYE GOES SHOPPING.

Difficulties Encountered in Making Pur-

ALWAYS have my feelings hurt when 1 shop in New York. In the first place, I am enraged before I get to the store by 987,236 people who knock me over and get on the elevated trains before the passengers can get off. Then I go to a store and wait near a stack of wet umbrel las until several total strangers with a haughty air jostle me against the wall. I next speak to the

floor-walker, who plays that he owns the store and is allowed to draw that instead of a salary. He looks at me askance, as if he feared that I might be Nellie Bly. He goes over to confer with a heavy-set saleswoman to inquire of her, evidently, whether I am there with sinister motives, and while I tremble at the thought that I am about to be searched for said motives, another man, who plays that he owns the store afternoons, comes along and asks me what I want there. I tell him that I am a simple-minded man, more or less picked on both at home and abroad; that I would spend an enormous amount of money in New York if I had a chance; that to-day I had contemplated buying or trading for a full set of two heavy No. 10 English hose with double sole and a striking resemblance to each other. Nobody could be any more explicit than that without being offensive. I just tell a man what I want right at the start, and then if there should be any delay it is his fault.

He looks at me sorrowfully and begins to feel in his pocket for something. I say: "Put up your gold. Get out with your dross. I am not poor or crazed by suffering. I am only waiting to present a letter of introduction to the sock lady if I can obtain an audience with her." tells me where the office is, and I go there. She waits a long time before I seem to catch her eye. She looks through me, and so on across the store to a given point. She then

says: "Well?" "Socks!"

"Yes?"

"Yes!"

"What kind, please?" "English hose, double sole, un-bleached, No. 10, two of a kind." "Fer yourself?"

"Yes, exclusively for myself." "Well, the men's hose is on second floor, facing the other street.'

I then go to a hotel, register, get a room, ring for a messenger, and send him for the hose.

It may be the same old crazy spirit which keeps New York stirred up all the time and makes the average New-Yorker miserable all day if he misses a car, even if the next will be along in half a minute; but whatever it is, it is an evil spirit and makes money for a few people to the discomfort of a great many.

New York shopping, especially at certain seasons and on certain days, is like trying to buy things in Washington during the inauguration. You can pay for them, but you are not permitted to take them away. They may be needed four years from now.

A Ready-Witted Girl.

Silence had reigned for that thick, rank silence which is like the calm before the storm. Finally it was broken; but his words came cold

and impasioned.
"Maude," he asked "do you think

marriage is a failure?" "I don't feel able to express an opinon on so grave a subject," she replied, "but I know a good way to find it out." This happened at least two months ago, and they are both ready now to give an emphatic verdict of "no fail-

are."-Merchant Traveler. AT THE BASE-BALL PARK.



OUTSIDE. Tramp-Gentlemen, I represent Committee on Ways and Means, and am entitled to recognition and free



INSIDE. Tramp (soliloquizing)-Yes, a committee of one, appointed by meself on de ways of gettin' into de base-ball grounds without means-savy?

General Schoffeld.

A correspondent, writing from Wash ington about men who draw fat salaries and have easy times, brings in the name of General Schofield. His salary is \$13,000. Although he is the successor of Sheridan, who followed a line of soldiers in the office who were national heroes, and although he is rightfully the incumbent by reason of his services to the country, his career has not been such as to make his name over-familiar to the people generally. His military life has been long and the duties faith



GENERAL SCHOFIELD.

fully performed, but in few events has he been very conspicuous. General Schofield was born Sept. 29, 1831, He graduated from the United States Military Academy in 1853, in the same class with Sheridan, McPherson and Hood. Before the war he left the service to become a professor of natural science in a university, but at the breaking out of hostilities he entered the army as a volunteer. A major's commission was tendered him at once, and Nov. 21, 1861, he had reached the grade of brigadier-general. He served all through the war, notably in the Atlanta campaign, and for a time was Secretary of War in Grant's first Cabinet.

LETTERS FROM THE CORNERS.

NECE OR NOTHIN HALL, KILKENNY CORNERS. R. EDITUR: It-do seam jes es-tho I hed to tel sumbuddy about me and Willam Henery a hevin sech a big argymint about him a jioin the Masons, an I no you wont tell, so I'll tell you awl the fax about it.

Arfter Willam Henery hed di-vided the munny an giv me haf, he kindy that I ortent to say nothin more about it, but I did, fur haf the munny belonged to me cany way. We argyed an argyed an we coodn't agree, fur he

wer boun he wood jine an 1 wus boun he shoodn't. I fin'ly sed:

"Well, Willam Henery, ef you cood take the wife of your buzzum along with you it wood be differnt; but who ever heerd of a Mason a takin his wife

to the lodge with him?" "Wimming hes side degrees," ses he, es glib es you please.
"What be side degrees? I'd jes like

to no?" ses I. "Sumpthin jes to classify the grumbly ones," he ses.

I seen that I'd hev to giv in, an so I purmly "Willam Henery, you no thet you

never did urgage in enny thing with out my holp thet ever turned out well; an it do appear to me thet ridin ole gotes and climin greecy poles may do fur young min who want a little fun onct in a while, an hev no plesent homes an diverted wives like you hev, but for a ole man, crippled with corns, rumatism, an lumbago, and who hes to be rubbed with St. Jacops ile an turpentide, an rolled up in hot fiannin a'most every nite," ses I, a lookin et him reel spurmly threw my glasses es I continued: "It seems to me fur sech a man to go thare an caper aroun onto an ole gote an make hisself redickerlus a tryin to clime a greecy pole, I say it es all out of reson, an then to hev to pay fur the privileg of doin it es what I

cant understan. "Thares a heap of things you cant understan, Hester Ann, jes a heap," ses he, es chearful es cood be, an so I only sed:

O, well, go your own way, Willam Henery, but jes recelec that I hev warranted you an ef you cum home

crippled don't blame me. No, I wont, Hester Ann, but you dont reely objec, do you?" he asked kindy anxious.

Willam Henery," ses I, calmy, "I dont wish to be contrairy, an ef I cood only go along, but es I cant, jine away. But you mark my words fur it, you'll be sorry you ever went an dun it," ses

I sort of progressively.

"Shoodnt wunder, Hester deer, shoodnt wunder; but jist you hev my close reddy fur to-morrer nite is masons Il like my biled shirt of it malles no differents to you," ses he es plesent

es a baskit of chips.
' I tole him it made no differents to me, "Only," ses I, "I'm afeerd you'd git it tore a standin on your hed, or a ridin ole gotes, or a climin greecy poles, or sum other fool caper, an so I'll set up an keep a vinegar poltis hot fur you, fur I spect youl cum home with bruk bones or rumatiz," ses I. "All but thet, ole woman; I'll be

spry es a cricket, you bet!"

An afore I hed time to improve him fur his slang he hed gone out an-But law sakes, theres them pesky chickens rite slap into my inyun bed. So no more et present frum your trew fren, HESTER ANN SCOOPER.

Some Playthings.

Customer-I want to get something to amuse my children. They almost drive me crazy with noise.
Salesman—Yes, sir; what would you

like? Customer-I hardly know. A drum and a trumpet, I guess; and a rattle for the baby.